

## The Mating Season

Our nameless, sexless cat is pretty casual about things, but ever since that operation she's been kind of strange. There she sits, listening to them scream and screw and as far as you can see she's like a eunuch at his first orgy, interested but not quite sure what all the fuss is about. She always wants to go outside on these warm, noisome nights so I let her, but she always comes right back in. She does not understand why she is suddenly persona non grata. The only male who pays any attention to her at all is a scarred old fighter who I suspect is a pederast anyway. One night she and I watched out the upstairs window while hulking toms with pool-cue tools arched and shrieked for the hot little number from up the block. She looked so sad I thought of fastening a little bag of cat-nip to her tail so she'd get some kind of action, but would I send my ugly daughter to school in falsies? Probably not, so all we can do is play games indoors: Get the Lump, Chase the Horse, and our favorite, Hideout, where we just lay low until the heat's off.